

McKINLEY TO MILES. See McKinley to Miles, see he. Here's a job, sure, that's cut out for you. There's a cross grained old don in the town of San Juan. That I want to go an' t' do. See he. See McKinley, see he, to Miles. See McKinley to Miles, see he. I'll say to do th' thing quick. An' ye'll not a bit vex us. El' you jump in his ploxus. Shure, I know how to do that. See he. See McKinley, see he, to Miles. See McKinley to Miles, see he. Give him was on his joog-u-lar vein. An' a couple o' swats in the thin o' the slats. B' 'U' way o' remimber the Ma'ne. See he. See McKinley, see he, to Miles. See McKinley to Miles, see he. Do n't fool wid the son-o' a gun. But keep at him, see he. Till he's half frimosee. That's the kind of a job I want done. See he. See McKinley, see he, to Miles. —Philadelphia Call.

County Sketches.

VIII. THE HORSE THIEF.

Up the winding grade of Indian Mountain a man riding a fine bay horse rode on a bright summer day. He passed the near cut used by all who traveled the road on foot or horseback, keeping the main road which was the longer and less precipitous way to the top of the mountain. He was evidently a stranger in the country.

Not long after he had passed this near cut he became aware that he was being overtaken by a man riding a horse that was a swifter walk than his own. According to the custom of the road he allowed his horse to take a slower pace in order that he might be joined by the man behind, a proceeding that the horse seemed to understand perfectly. The riders thereafter jogged along together. After the usual introductory remarks concerning the weather without which the common run of humanity would lack a sleeping stone to a wider acquaintance, the young man who had come up east a critical eye on the other's horse for subject for further conversation.

"Do you want to trade that horse?" he asked. "No, I can't say that I do. I am but a poor trader." "How long you had him?" "A close observer might have noted a curious and somewhat sinister gleam in the other's eye, but the questioner seemed to take no heed. "I bought him three days ago near Caterville." "You do n't know who raised him, do you? I live near Caterville myself." "No, I don't. I bought him of a young fellow I met in the road. I am a doctor, and I was taking a walk through your beautiful mountain country. I found out that I could not walk as well as I thought I could and bought the first horse I found for sale which suited me. Are we nearing the top of the mountain?"

"Yes, it is right here. You see that fog of men up there?" "Yes." "Well, that's a poor condition, and I will have to tell you that I am the deputy sheriff of Adams County in search for this horse and I will have to ask you to come back with us and prove that you came by this property honestly." "This followed a scene in which the notions of the men were loquacious to make an impression on the eyes. Two pistol shots rang out and the stranger dropped from his horse like a wounded squirrel from the limb of a tree, and the deputy sheriff quickly his bright sword and felt his hand to see if it was still whole. The sound of men in waiting charged down upon the two with pistol drawn, and found the deputy without and the stranger lying in the side-slick

with his eyes fixed on the group. He was the first to speak.

"Well, my kind Christian friends, I hope you are satisfied with your handiwork. You will find very little of value upon my person to reward you for wounding an innocent man. Before you proceed with your work, however, I would thank you to place me in a better position. I am numb and just for curiosity I should like to know what damage I have sustained in this scurmage. I should naturally like to know whether it is worth while to make an effort to get over this. I am somewhat alarmed about myself, for I feel very much like lying here—I right now, please find out where I am wounded."

"You are shot in the stomach," said an elderly man, "and whether you are a horse-thief or not, I trust you are not seriously hurt. That's my horse. I know him from a colt, and we are only after our own property. For all we know you may be perfectly innocent of this theft."

"Do n't tell me I have shot the wrong man," groaned the young deputy, and the stranger looked at him intently.

"Just guide my hand to the wound, my dear sir. Well it is as I supposed, shot through the bowels. The ball, I haven't a doubt, is lodged against my spine, and it may please fate to spare me pain in dying. My young friend, I congratulate you on your dexterity. I trust that you are unhurt."

"Do n't talk that way," pleaded the deputy sheriff. "Tell me who I have shot anyway."

"All in good time," said the wounded man. "While I may not have time to tell you all I wish to say, I am feeling too good to be hurried. No, no whiskey, thank you my good friends. The spot that the whiskey reaches has been destroyed. I beg of you that you will all take some of the stimulant, especially our deputy-sheriff, who looks wretchedly."

The excited group had recourse to the bottle of whiskey which they were but too glad to gulp down at the command of the stranger, who lying on a grassy mound directed their movements so calmly. "I have studied medicine and have some remedies with me. Just look for a case in my breast pocket. Bring some water. Yes, that in the puddle will do as well as any. Put that syringe together, pump it full of water, and eject it. Yes it is a squirt-gun. Now dissolve one of the pellets in about a spoonful of water. Fill it up and insert the needle under the skin of my arm. Just so. Did it all enter? Ah, that was well done. I had you do that to show you how and if pains do come my way, just give me repetitions of that treatment until I tell you that I am cured. Promise me that and I will tell you how I came to have that miserable horse in my possession. Do you promise?"

"What is the medicine in the pellets?" "Oh, that is an alkaloid." "Well, we will squirt it into you and send for a doctor too." "No, no doctor for me. I can doctor myself."

"Well, let's hear about yourself." "That can be told in a few words. I am going to die, and all for a trifling thing too. My name is Roger Wickline, at least it used to be. I have gone under different names since. I was what the world calls well born. My father was a New York speculator and my mother a society woman. That was a bad cross and I come by my disposition honestly, but it's not an honest disposition. I believe that I am an what is called an artist in crime. From my earliest recollection I would do things that were forbidden to which a penalty was attached. "As a child my notes recognized I was never satisfied until I had broken every command in such a way that while evil consequences were risked they were averted. As I grew older to steal

and annoy and lay myself liable to punishment seemed inherent in me, and I always escaped detection. I seemed to be possessed of an evil genius that invented mischief. I had no partners in crime. I was never suspected when property was destroyed, and I had particular delight in carrying out my schemes of malicious mischief.

"I went to the best schools and to college. I stole a twenty-dollar gold piece from a poor student and dropped it in the coat-pocket of an old darkey. He found it, blessed the Lord, spent it, and went to the penitentiary."

"I broke into the house of a rich man and cut a fine painting to pieces. I had no spite against him. I stole pieces from vehicles and caused runaways and break-downs. I blew up a county bridge. I was never even suspected of any part in these crimes."

"When I had completed my medical education I practiced among poor people, and whenever I saw a patient and he died."

"Shortly my father became a bankrupt and soon I was pressed for means. Then it occurred to me that I might turn my talent to advantage and steal enough for my needs. Now understand me—the ill-gotten gains was not the end for which I worked, any more than it is with the painter who glories in the execution of his work of art, and takes the money it brings him as an incident of his profession."

"Thereafter I lived by neatly-planned robberies. I murdered an inoffensive woman, and her husband was hung for it. The children of men call that killing two birds with one stone. And all this time I had escaped detection and I grew to consider myself as being more than a match for the law. I lived at ease, and for some time I had been hankering for some particularly difficult task for the excitement it would afford me."

"In an evil hour I picked up a copy of a West Virginia county newspaper which made the statement, that while horse-stealing seemed to be hereditary and that the number of horse thieves was on the increase, yet it could be safely asserted that a horse had never been so successfully spirited away but that the owner recovered it in a short time, and that the thief rarely if ever escaped detection."

"Here was an opportunity. I had plenty of money. I came to West Virginia and took a horse, and when it was too late I realized that I had a white elephant on my hands. The livery-breast could not be hid. His tracks led from my presence to the stable of his owner. He could not be concealed in the woods for he would require food. Every man I met showed an impatient interest in the horse, and no sooner would a countryman see him than he had every knob and mark fixed indelibly in his mind. They would cast a glance at him and know his sire and grand sire. Cross between a Patrick Henry and a Flyaway they told me time and again, and that broke out there left a trail behind him as broad and distinct as a comet. My desire in the beginning was to keep the horse as a trophy, but I realized that the sooner I took the horse to some out of the way place and killed him, the better. I was looking for a suitable place to turn into the woods when you rode up, and at this accursed hour I am lying here a victim to an insatiable desire to accomplish an impossibility. I can not recover, but I die wishing that accursed brute, which has killed me for days, was to accompany me in the journey that may be before me."

"My friends, I am done. For the past few minutes my pain has been coming upon me. Discharge ten of those pellets in water, and do not stop until you have injected the solution into my arm. I thank you to advance."

And the poor scoundrel went to work, and having aimed enough to make him feel a horse, he pumped it into the stranger's blood and helped him to a speedy and easy end."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

The Second Branch of the Gumm Family Tree—The Descendants of Jacob Gumm.

W. T. F.

The second group of the Gumm relationship are the descendants of Jacob Gumm, who came from what is now Crabbottom, in Highland county, soon after the war of 1812. Upon his marriage with Martha Houchin, he settled near Green Bank, on land now owned by C. A. Lightner. A part of his wife's patrimony were two colored girls, Delphi and Daphne, and in their time colored people were curious. Upon moving he settled on the place now held by Joseph Beard.

Mr and Mrs Gumm were the parents of seven sons and four daughters. The girls were Mary, Margaret, Nancy and Nellie.

Mary married Randolph Powhatan Bouldin, a journeyman shoemaker.

Nancy married William Sutton and lived on property lately occupied by Craig Ashford. Her children were Robert, George Gatewood, Sherman, Eldridge, Anna, now Mrs Craig Ashford; Magnolia and Mary.

Margaret married Charles Mace and went to Missouri.

Nellie was a life long invalid. William M. Gumm married Sally Tallman, of James Tallman, the early settler, and lived on Deer Creek. His children were George, Franklin, Samuel, Milton, Lee, Martha Jane, now Mrs W. J. Woodell and lives at Addison; Caroline, who became Mrs Lafayette Burner; Ella, now Mrs Brown Trainor; Rebecca, now Mrs Lee Burner; Marietta, now Mrs Enos Tallman; and Nancy, who died at the age of four years. Further particulars given in the Tallman sketches.

McBride Jackson Gumm married Eliza Thomas, of Harrisonburg, and spent much of his married life on Clover Creek. His family consisted of four sons and two daughters: Brown, William, Fillmore, Woods, Agnes and Caroline. McBride J. Gumm was a gallant Confederate soldier and served most of his time in Captain J. W. Marshall's Cavalry.

Jacob Gumm, Junior, married Virginia Burke and migrated to Ohio. No particulars are in hand concerning his family.

Charles Gumm married Jane Hartman and migrated to Ohio. He was a blacksmith by occupation.

Gatewood Gumm went to Ohio when a young single man and settled there.

Robert N. Gumm married Anna Riley and resides on the old Cooper farm, two miles east of Green Bank. His sons are William, John and Joseph. The daughters are Elizabeth, who became Mrs Harry Burner and went to Wyoming; Anna, who married Snowden Cooper; and Blanche.

Robert N. Gumm was a brave Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry, a member of the Green Bank Company. On account of his coolness and self-possession under fire he was frequently selected for ambulance service on the field in spring for the wounded. To be efficient for such a service requires more than ordinary nerve, and he was found to be well qualified for it. In times of peace he has become well and widely known as a miller, and is now managing the Haverhill Mill on the North Branch of Deer Creek.

John E. Gumm married Harriet Hudson, daughter of Hon. Elijah Hudson, and lives on a section of the Bible place, two miles from Green Bank. Mention of his family was made in the Hudson sketches. John E. Gumm was a Confederate soldier in the 10th Virginia Cavalry, under Col W. L. Jackson, and acted well his part in the sufferings and privations that soldiers had to endure on the outside during the war between the states.

From J. E. Gumm the writer derived valuable aid for this sketch as we sat on our horse one warm July morning of the late summer, after a casual meeting in the pub-

lic road.

The Pocahontas groups of the Gumm relationship trace their ancestry to the Highland families of that name. These Highland families have for their progenitors pioneers who are believed to have been from western Maryland, and among the earlier settlers of Pendleton, possibly antedating the Revolution.

Thus in the manner indicated, the writer has been furnished with the facilities to illustrate the home and personal history of a family relationship long known in our country. From those groups our citizenship has been furnished with many useful persons who have done a good part in the development of our country. Some have been useful as blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers; others endured hardships as good soldiers in struggling for what they believed to be right. Many humble homes have been rendered nice and pleasant by the skillful home-keepers so frequently met with in this connection.

As the writer proceeds in the prosecution of this pleasant duty of illustrating the family history of our Pocahontas people, he becomes more and more impressed with the thought that we have in our citizenship many of the most improvable people to be found anywhere. Under right influences results might be achieved that would astonish the world, as to the possibilities of our people. The writer believes that one of the best things that all of us could do for self-improvement and the attainment of high and grand possibilities would be to bear always in mind, "As a man thinks so he is." It was with this in mind that one of the most eminent persons that ever lived and who has done more for human improvement than any other mortal man, gave this advice to some people he was greatly interested in and with whom he seemed to have been especially pleased. It was this, "Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

THE ROD OF CORRECTION.

A sermon worthy of more than passing notice was recently delivered at Marlinton by Presiding Elder Martin. This sermon may be spoken of as a "word in season." The thoughts presented were suggested by the mournful history of Eli's family, given in 1st Samuel, chapters one to four. The text was 1 Samuel 13:11-14.

And the Lord said to Samuel: Behold I will do a thing to thee at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin I will also make an end.

For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because he was made himself a priest, and he restrained them from it.

And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offerings forever.

The end results of parental indulgence were vividly presented, and most of the prevailing and threatened evils that now make the future so ominous for families and the nations are to be traced to mistaken kindness on the part of parents in not "restraining their sons and daughters" at the proper time, when under parental authority. One of the telling points made was in reference to indulging in things that parents regard as wrong, and the children think to be harmless, and will indulge in spite of parental wishes to the contrary. By so doing they fail to honor fathers and mothers, and by doing that, what otherwise might be a harmless indulgence becomes a violation of the commandments, and dishonor to parents is prohibited along with murder and other crimes. The speaker emphasized the importance of parents restraining their children and their own hearts from the indulgence of the same sins, and that they would

bruise the heads of vipers and copperheads when found crawling too near their homes. S. C. B.

A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.

A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Marlinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghenies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Custerland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sewing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.

The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotion that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpits orators in the Episcopal church.

When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folk of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "On-ly patience and wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no lora or comfort, and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercises; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."

He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining sinners." S. C. B.

HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.

This eminent man died the 28th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.

The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1852, Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the trouble complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms. In 1884, when Mr. Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr. Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs. Bayard a badge of sympathy.

His character was as honest as his country, as all cheerfully admit, who may have differed with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and that American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his great efforts in this regard.

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THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDER

There was a page. Many one should have seen that a person having reached the age of thirty, and having had such little that great interest in being shielded from a circle at a future time, the child strains of one overworked himself. I should have closed that in among the false propheta. But just why when one happens to be passing that which in child's hood's happy hour appeared to be a scene of enchantment, he is induced to feel as if he'd "like to try again," is a deep question. Perhaps it is the sight of so much evident enjoyment on the part of the elders as they flash past, that one is enthused to the point of extending the necessary stick and joining in the chase. But first stand on the outskirts of the crowd surrounding the flying horsemen and observe.

Passes a big, jolly looking man, dressed in a black and yellow poncho, and looking like Shaffer before Santiago, and who is greeted with cheers every time he goes by. Behind him is a young man and a girl, the couple having settled down to a dollar's worth, not that he enjoys it—oh no! not that—but it is his intention is simply to personally bored audience. Next is a family party in a sleigh, a red-eyed baby scared to death, behind them a tiny boy and girl, who are having the fine good time of their lives, and whose shrieks of warm the night. Next comes a son of old England, riding true English fashion, evidently getting this money's worth, rising and falling in the saddle as the music strikes and stumbles over a rock. Then two careless looking individuals riding backwards on steeds, having discarded their tails and reins as unnecessary adjuncts. Two young ladies dashing along in style to beat the band, which is not hard to beat in this case, and so on, not forgetting two school boys on horse, one, and boys never having a fill now.

Faster and faster they whirl until there comes two terrific shrieks and it slows up. Now is our chance. Dashing up to the platform we seize a battered looking mount, considerably the worse for wear, but are assured by the man in charge that "he can keep up with the rest of them." That is the main thing. The attendant, by special request of a nervous individual who is under the doctor's care, changes the tune, but the change is not noticeable. The same two long notes, a shriek, a wheeze, and a whistle, and we are off and on again.

It has often been a cause for wonderment why the steam organ was named Calliope, after the mother of Orpheus, chief of the nine muses who presided over heroic poetry and eloquence. Perhaps it is because there is poetry in it, for it could only be extracted without destroying the mechanism, and that it requires a good deal of heroism to listen very long.

A jolly grandmother remarks that there is "no fool like an old fool," as she tries one whirl, and an octogenarian, as he dismounts, says he feels "a little squamish," but believes it is "good for the liver."

We step down and look around. The scramble for places has begun; the crowd has grown denser, the scared baby is now wailing pitifully, the music box makes threatening noise as if about to begin, and we silently steal away.

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The Pocahontas Times.

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 Clerk Circuit Court J. H. Patterson
 Assessor J. H. Patterson
 (A. Jones Barlow)
 Comm'r. Co. Cl. J. H. Barlow
 Recorder J. H. Barlow
 George Hatter
 George P. Moore
BOARD OF HEALTH—Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McWhorter, M. J. McNeill, B. W. Hill.
JURISTS—Caleb Bird, Martinsburg; A. U. L. Gentry, Staunton; P. D. Artopas, Green Bank; W. H. Green, Hatterville; G. K. Lacy, Ansonia; F. A. Bruff, L. L. L.

THE COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and first Tuesday in October.
COUNTY COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, and the fourth Tuesday of June and September—June in Levy.

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GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Tallman, of Boone County, Iowa, Celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of Their Marriage.

Fifty years is a long journey for two to travel together, and few couples there are who are allowed such a privilege, but Boone has such a pair, whose wedding anniversary was celebrated last March 13th marked fifty complete years of wedded life, half a century of joy and sorrow, work and play. Mr. and Mrs. George P. Tallman, residents of their golden wedding at their home on Fourteenth and Boone streets.

Fifty years ago in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, J. P. Tallman and Miss Caroline Westwick were united in marriage. Six weeks after the wedding they came West, settling in Indiana. They have resided in Boone county over 20 years and have lots of friends who join in wishing them many more returns of their marriage anniversary. Mr. Tallman is now seventy years of age, his wife eighty-seven. They have eight living children, all married but one son. Of grand children they have twenty-five, while three great grandchildren love and honor them and are a joy and delight to the old couple in return.

At the golden wedding nearly all of these descendants were present with other relatives by marriage and a few friends. An elegant supper was served and a pleasant evening passed by all. Mr. and Mrs. Tallman were the recipients of many handsome presents from those assembled. Those present were: P. B. Tallman and wife and son, from Jewell Junction; J. A. Tallman and wife, Marshalltown; C. C. Tallman and wife, Ames; George T. Tallman, Eagle Grove; M. P. Warwick (brother of Mrs. Tallman) and wife, Nevada; Mrs. Eleanor Cleaver, Dubuque; J. E. Graham and wife, J. B. Ingersoll and sister, Al Cleaver and wife, G. W. Moon and wife, Will Cleaver and Mrs. Mary E. Miller, of Boone, besides several of the younger generation who accompanied their parents.—Boone County (La.) News.

He Knew His Business.

"I took out a living picture show once," said the theatrical manager, "and I had several queer experiences."

"We always had trouble getting suitable music, for one thing. I remember that we struck a certain town where the music was furnished by a seely, frolicsome young man, who officiated at one of those bawdy-bug pianos. I asked him if he could think of music suitable to each picture as it was displayed."

"Certainly he could, and so it happened."

"The performance opened. He was seated at the piano, and he turned to look at the first picture. It was Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden."

"He didn't hesitate an instant. Like a flash he turned and began pounding out 'There's Only One Girl in This World for Me.'"

Chicago Journal.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust made by D. W. Loudemilk and Susan Jane Loudemilk his wife to L. M. McClure Trustee, on the 5th day of June, 1894, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, in Deed book No. 25, at page 297, to indemnify and secure Withrow McClure as endorser on a certain Negotiable Note of the said D. W. Loudemilk for \$187.46 dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte at Ronceverte, W. Va. and the said D. W. Loudemilk having made default in the payment of said note, and it having been paid by the said Withrow McClure as endorser, and afterwards assigned by the said McClure to the said L. M. McClure Trustee, and the said L. M. McClure Trustee having requested me to advertise and sell the property conveyed to me as trustee, I will as such trustee, on

Monday, September 29th, 1896, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, a certain tract or parcel of land containing 18 acres, situated in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the river West and the head waters of the Kanawha, being the same land conveyed to the said Susan Jane Loudemilk by D. W. Loudemilk and wife, by deed dated on the 18th day of April, 1891, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, in Deed book No. 21, at page 487; part of said land cleared and now in a corn field, and the remainder of said land is well timbered.

Witness my hand and seal.

L. M. McCLURE, Trustee.

L. M. L. Brown, Clerk of the court to assist of Pocahontas county, certifies that the foregoing is a correct copy of the original as registered by law.

S. L. BROWN, Clerk.

Postpaid.

The above notice is prepared by the clerk of the court.

L. M. L. BROWN, Clerk.

The Influence of Cartoons.

There is no doubt, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, that the cartoon makes give the general public some very erroneous views as it was regarding the personal appearance of the men they hold up to ridicule. They would recognize our own Senator Hanna in the dreadful cartoon illustration that bear his name. How Tweed never looked as Tom Nast fashioned him. Tom Nast bears but the slightest resemblance to the combination of hawk and hatch at face that the artist gave him. And yet there is no doubt that the general public gets its ideas of the personal appearance of those men from the exaggerated work of the cartoon makers.

A case in point is reported from Germany. It is a humorous case—humorous for everybody except the victim. It appears that a certain servant of the late Prince Bismarck, a man named Rohrig, was his master's hair-cutter. For eight years he had snipped and combed the old Chancellor's sparse locks, and during that time had carefully preserved the clippings, with a thirty six for their future value. Now he has them neatly arranged in a suitable bun, tied with narrow ribbon, and is offering them for sale. But the public will not buy. In fact, it regards Rohrig as a bare faced swindler. In vain he endeavors to interest them in his priceless mementoes, guaranteeing by all that's sacred their genuine character. They will not listen to him.

And why? Because for years the German cartoonists have invariably depicted Bismarck with but three hairs on his shining poll. Those famous three hairs became his artistic trademark.—Baltimore Sun.

Musical Association.

The Pocahontas County Musical Association will meet at Mary's Church on Elk, Tuesday, September 29 at 7-30 P. M. The music leaders of the county are requested to be present. Further I wish to say that I have been asked by quite a number of the music leaders of the county if I would serve as President of the Association another year if elected, I wish to say that I will not serve. Join W. A. V. President.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will either rent or sell the land and mill property formerly belonging to my deceased brother, J. W. Smith. For further information call on JOSEPH S. SKINN, Mill Point, W. Va.

The pain of a burn or scald is almost instantly relieved by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It also heals the injured parts more quickly than any other treatment, and without the burn is very severe does not leave a scar.

The Acme Book Store, Morgantown, W. Va., has arranged to furnish students of the University with Text-Books, second hand and shelf-worn, at about one-half what they would pay for the new books. They also deal in all kinds of supplies for students.

One of the leading book houses in the State is the Acme Book Store of Morgantown, W. Va. They buy and sell second-hand University Text Books, and in this way save students many dollars in the course of a year. If you go to the Acme people this year give the Acme people a call.

If any students go from this county to the West Virginia University this year they may be glad to know that The Acme Book Store, of Morgantown, W. Va., is prepared to furnish them with University Text-Books, second hand, and shelf-worn. You can save a great deal by buying all your school supplies of them.

C. B. SWECKER,
 General Auctioneer
 and Real Estate Agent.

Tull Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands for sale and lease a specialty. 25 years in the business. Call on reference furnished. Office, Staunton, W. Va., or at residence, W. Va.

The Fifty Dollar Tribune.

THE BEST WHEEL FOR THE PRICE IN THE WORLD.
 Don't Think of Buying Until You Have Seen It.

The Famous Blue Streak.

FARTHER THAN EVER.

Write for Catalogue.

The BLACK Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa.

The Editor and The People.

An editor who had conducted a newspaper for thirty long years once declared that if he could find a man in his town to take charge for a week he would give a vacation. He then started out in search, and put the question to his neighbors and men of all professions. To his amazement each and every one replied:

"I'll take charge for you, of course, and I'll show you that you never knew how to run a newspaper." When through with the proposition the editor went among the mechanics and laboring men, but still the answer was the same. At the end of four days he found but one single individual who doubted himself, and who said:

"I am subject to fits and periods of temporary insanity, and perhaps I ought not to tackle the job, but I can tell you one thing just the same. What you ought to do is to drop to drop the newspaper business and take to a sawmill!"

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The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 16, NO. 13

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 20, 1898.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

THE PAST.

The debt is paid,
The verdict said,
The phage is stayed,
All fortune made,
Turn the key and bolt the door,
Sweet is Death forevermore,
Nor haughty Hope, nor swart
Chagrin,
Nor murdering Hate can enter in.
All is now secure and fast,
Not the gods can shake the past,
Flies to the adamant door,
Booted down forevermore.
None can enter there;
No thief so politic,
No Satan with his royal trick,
Steal in by window, chink, or
hole,
To bind or unbind, add what lack-
ed.

Insert a leaf or force a name,
New-fane or finish what is packed,
Alter or mend eternal Fact.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LAW ARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

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H. K. HUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

JOHN A. FREESTON, FRED. WALLACE,
FREESTON & WALLACE,
Attorneys at Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

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DR. S. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
HUNTERSVILLE, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County on Tuesdays & Fridays. The next visit will be on Tuesday, Nov. 1st.

DR. J. E. BRIDGEMAN,
DENTIST,
BLAINE, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Tuesday & Friday. The next visit will be on Tuesday, Nov. 1st.

J. M. CROOKSHANK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

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County Sketches.

IX. THE CANDIDATE.

The county was on the eve of a general election, and the campaign was proving to be one of the most momentous which had ever taken place in the county. It was before the days of the present voting system, which hampers the manipulation of elections with its many cumbersome requirements. Then if a vote was purchased the voter could be marched up to the polls and made to deliver the goods in the presence of his customer, or the ballot box could be sweetened with a handful of ballots specially prepared.

When the disability was removed from those who had given aid and comfort to the Rebellion, the old Confederates immediately took the lead government in their own hands, and with erasing the slightest gratitude to the party which had given them back their votes, voted uniformly their own way. They were so largely in the majority that they did not take the trouble to nominate by party elections their county officials, but settled it all at the general election.

The interest centered this year in the election of a representative in the House of Delegates. For years the county had been agitated over the question of dividing the territory and forming two counties, and many were the disputes that grew out of it. The differences occasioned by the civil war were hardly greater. While his locality did not always influence the voter, the strength of the element for division was to be found in the two extremities of the long, narrow county, and that of the people who were for union in the central settlements clustering around the court-house. Whether the matter would be agitated in the next House depended upon the election of Colonel Wood, who was for disruption first, last, and forever. His opponent was a young lawyer from the county-seat named Senhouse, who would see that the county was preserved in its integrity, and would any movement that might be originated.

There were a number of voters in the counties of the county who were neutral on the division question, fully enough to control the election, and both parties were making strenuous efforts to secure this vote.

The fall term of the Circuit Court had just ended, and both candidates had been very active for the harvest time was approaching. Senhouse had made a speech from the judge's stand in the courtroom, and Colonel Wood had tried to answer him, but had had a bad fit of stage fright and had only uttered a few disjointed sentences, so it might be said that the honors of the joint debate lay with the latter.

The Court had just come in from the county seat and had pulled off his boots and had grabbing his shoes before the big crowd which filled the court-house. A number were gathered into the piazza, but having good natural common sense, they were always ready for the last man who had said

ed him. He generally promised every candidate, but the way he voted had been classed as one of the great mysteries of the world, and he was no more to be relied on than a woman's whim.

"How's your chances, Tom?" he asked.

"It's a walk-over, Mike. The best man in the county—men I can rely on—have solemnly promised that they are not going to go back on an old comrade for a East Virginia lawyer. Some of his friends are making their brags, but the ground's shaking beneath their feet, and they know it. The Bensons, and Hardtons, and Pools and McKeggars, and Dikes, and Braytons have all told them they are going to vote for me, and they know they are best. They are threatening to bring a mine on me, but I have my friends posted. You did me a dirty trick to make me get up there and try to make a speech. You knew I never could even pray in public. If you don't pull Lynam's Cross Roads up for fifty majority for me and no disallows partnership. I am going in to the county seat with five hundred majority, and that if I can't get it, I'll stuff a ballot-box or two on me I am elected."

For more than an hour the Colonel lay down to his friend reasons for his belief in his election that could not be disputed, and then the constituent took his leave.

The politician then turned to a man who had remained quiet during the discussion. He was a country doctor, deeply interested in local politics, and the confidential adviser of Colonel Wood in the fight on hand. This was Dr. Graham, a son-in-law of the Colonel, who made his home with him.

"Do you think Mike Irwin's for me, Dock?"

"It would be safer not to count on him. He has been thick with Senhouse this whole court."

"Well, what do you think of the outlook?"

"It's bad. There is n't a sign now in our favor."

"But what about the report that Senhouse is stung with his liquor?"

"The people forget that now that he's letting it run like water. Besides, they think more of a drink from a stingy man."

"But what about that report that he sends money to East Virginia every month to that woman?"

"As far as I can judge, Colonel, the sentiment of the county seems to be that if he provides for the child that is all that can be expected of him."

"But, Dock, what about his shaving a claim when he had the money in his pocket?"

"They come back at you, Colonel, and you vote against the school levy."

"They do, do they? By ganny, they can't prove it!"

"They say, too, that you said the Baptists haven't any more religion than the Catholics."

"Well, they ain't, Dock, but I never said it."

"They say you stole a horse during the war, and that you drive off people's sheep when you move your stock."

"All dog-gone lies, Dock! Say, I never run for office before and I never will again, and I ain't worth fighting for, but by ganny, I'd give my Black Creek place to down that fellow, if it would do any good. Say, Dock?"

"Well, I believe he's going to beat the hell sight off of me."

"I would n't be a bit surprised."

"Now see here, do n't you get to talking that way or I will throw up the sponge. Can't you suggest something?"

"Yes."

"Well, now since you've got it out, the election is only a week off."

"Give me \$25 for campaign purposes."

"What do you want with it?"

"I had better not tell you. No, I am not going to tell you. That can't be done here among these gentlemen, or anywhere else, but I have got a scheme that won't work. You can give without it, and I can't stand you."

The election resulted for Senhouse, but the way he voted had been classed as one of the great mysteries of the world, and he was no more to be relied on than a woman's whim.

eral days along the same lines as before. The good old Colonel lost his temper now and then as he heard of the many reports that were being circulated concerning him. Little transactions and small sins, which he had long forgotten, came up to find him out, and it was getting to be a serious time. He left for the other end of the county. Senhouse hired a horse and came into his enemy's territory to end up the campaign. He was balked to speak one evening after dark at the Willow Run school-house. It had rained all day and the river was high. The people gathered and dispersed without his turning up.

The next day his horse was discovered near the school-house with a stirrup flung over the saddle. A hat was found a mile down stream and recognized as belonging to Senhouse. The poor man was evidently drowned. The people knew the signs to well. Numerous incidents were recalled where the loud pulpit was swept down the stream to his death, while the horse straggled alone. Searching parties were organized, but the body was not found.

The news spread the length and breadth of the county in one day. It went from mouth to mouth. The Colonel made a record ride to the court-house and declared that he could not continue in the race. His friends swarmed around him, and most of the other side as well, and would not hear to his sacrificing himself. They all declared they must have a candidate or the Republican party would refuse to vote for the Colonel, but with everything he had about two-thirds of the vote.

Just about sunset on the day of election Senhouse came galloping into the county seat, covered with mud and crying fraud; and threatening eternal woe to the Colonel and all his cohorts. The tale he had to tell was terrible, but the worst of it was that he could get no one to listen without snuffing.

Old Dave Jenkins, the man whom Colonel Wood had delivered from the hands of the Swamp Dragons during the war, and his two boys, had set on him the evening he disappeared, and pulled him off his horse, and forced him to go into the heart of Bear Mountain, and had there put him in a bear-pen and had kept him for two nights. They had given him plenty to eat and abundance of white moonshine whiskey to drink which he had taken in considerable quantities to keep out the damp.

He would have them suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The oldest lawyer of the town made him mad by asking him whether it was grand or petit larceny to steal a candidate for the legislature. The crowd thought it was petit larceny.

Senhouse was fond in his denunciation of Colonel Wood, and was open in accusing him of being at the bottom of the whole thing. He was puzzling his brain as to how to classify the offense which had been committed, and had decided he had acted for false imprisonment against a man who was not worth a cent, when a friend came in to tell him that the Colonel was in town with pistols for two and coffin for one, and that Senhouse would do well to either retract any charges of complicity he had made against the Colonel, or establish a State line between him and his danger.

Senhouse decided to make a long visit to his old home, and did not return until he had written and asked the Colonel's pardon.

No proceedings were ever had in court over the matter, for the whole affair suited the temper of the people. Even the men who searched the river bank for the body were glad to see a tragedy turned into comedy, and the ripple of laughter that ran through the county, so doubt did not seem to be coming together anything else. Colonel Wood emphatically swore that he represented both sides, and that they should be reconciled. The day after the election, the Colonel and the Senator were seated in the same room.

THE MILK-WHITE HIND.

Col John T. McGraw's speech of acceptance delivered at the convention that nominated him has been pronounced of high literary merit, something that can be said of very few political addresses. In that speech in speaking of the Democratic party, he burst into song, quoting, "The snow-white hind so oft doomed to death is fated not to die."

This the ubiquitous country newspaper rendered "The snow-white hind," and so destroyed its usefulness.

Col McGraw took his thoughts from Dryden's poem, the "Hind and the Panther"; the hind represents the church. The reader will see in this selection that the speaker took the thought rather than the words:

"A milk-white Hind immortal and Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged; Without unspotted, innocent within, She feared no danger; for she knew no sin. Yet she had oft been chased with horns and hounds, And Scythian shafts and many a winged arrow, Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly, And doomed to death, tho' fated not to die."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Mrs. Diana Saunders, a Pioneer on Dry Creek.

Soon after the war of 1812 there came to our county one of the most interesting and eccentric personalities that our older people remember anything about, Mrs. Diana Saunders, late of Rocky Point, on Dry Branch of Swago. She was a widowed mother of four children, Anna, Eleanor, Cyrus, and Isaac. Her cabin home was built near the head springs of Dry Branch, almost in speaking distance of the Rocky Point school house, and just below.

Cyrus Saunders lived in Madison County, Virginia, and was a merchant and a citizen of prominence.

Isaac Saunders, upon attaining his majority, went to Fayette County, married, and settled on the banks of New River not far from Hawk's Nest. His sister Anna made her home with him for a time, and then became Mrs. Ewing of Fayette County.

Eleanor Saunders was married to the late Barneet Addison, from Madison County, and lived on Spruce Flat at the head of Swago, on the place now occupied by James Addison where he has just built a nice new house. In reference to her children we have in hand the following particulars, communicated by John Addison.

Catherine first became Mrs. William Tyler, from Madison County, and then Mrs. Jacob Weiford, near Mill Point.

William Addison, whose wife was Martha Jones, from Madison County, lived on Spruce Flat.

Abel Addison, whose first wife was Samantha, daughter of the late Daniel Addison, and whose second wife was Frances Hughes, lived on the head of Swago, where his son Oliver Blake now lives.

Daniel Addison married Mary Holmes, of Madison County, and settled on Spruce Flat.

Isaac Addison married Martha Young and lived at the "Young Place" on Rich Mountain.

Frances Addison first became Mrs. James W. Nixey, and lived at the head of Swago. She was afterwards married to the late Joseph Rodgers and lives near Mill Point.

Nancy, married Benjamin Taylor, of Orange County, and settled on New River. He was a latter day emigrant.

Martha Jones Addison, married James Arthur, of Washington County, and went to the western part of our State.

Louisa Addison, the youngest of Eleanor's daughters, was married to her father's brother and lived at Backsley. Some reference to her family is made in other sketches.

But few persons have left their names upon the writer's memory more vividly, than Mrs. Diana

Saunders. As to her personality she had been formed in "nature's choicest mould," and in her youth must have been the peer of Edgar Allan Poe's "rare and radiant maiden." The compiler recalls one or more of her granddaughters as among the most perfect models of feminine form and feature that he has ever observed anywhere.

From the way Granny Saunders used to speak of Jim Madison, Jim Monroe and Tom Jefferson, and wonder how such funny, limber-jointed, red-headed, fiddling and dancing customers had ever been made Presidents of our United States, it is inferred that her blooming youth must have been passed in Orange and Albemarle atmospheres.

The writer was frequently told by his lamented mother that when he was an infant about six weeks old, he had the whooping cough so severely that he was given up to die. As a last resort Granny Saunders was sent for in all haste, and when she arrived the baby was to all appearances cold and dead. The doctor ordered a tub of hot water poured over the baby in, soaked him while she gave him a good rubbing. She then called for a razor and a goose quill, scarified the little body between the shoulders, inserted the quill and gave him a blowing up until the infant began to blow for himself. He came to and recovered and has been living nearly seventy years on his own hook, figuratively speaking.

There have been times in his life when the writer has felt rather regretfully that Granny Saunders managed her case so well as to keep him from dying at that safe time. Now, however, he feels thankful to God for what she was enabled to do. He deems it a most wonderful privilege to have lived the life the Supreme Being has allotted him. Though this life has been humble and obscure, full of mistakes and blunders, still blessed be His Holy Name for life and its wonderful hopes for the hereafter, when the Lord comes.

It would be hard to exaggerate the useful services Mrs. Saunders performed for a half-century or more when there was no resident physician nearer than the Warm Springs or Lewisburg. For years and years her time was virtually spent in the homes of the suffering. Stormy nights, swollen, raging mountain streams and torrents were braved with heroic fortitude, to be with the sick in their distress.

While it is true the most of her services were rendered in seasons over which the thickest veil of privacy should be ever drawn, yet it may not be out of good form to say that she never lost her self-possession. The patient might be at all appearance in extremis, with less than a step between her and death in the throes of maternity. All present convulsed with grief and apprehension except Granny Saunders. She would dip her pipe in the ashes, ejaculate prayers along with the puffs of smoke, and sit down by the patient. "Hold on, old girl, we can't spare you yet. Pick your first and try it again. I have been praying for you, and the good Lord Almighty never goes back on his word to old Granny Saunders."

In the course of an hour or so Granny Saunders looks up the "old maid." "When she finds him she opens her arms as if to embrace him. He draws back, exclaiming, "O Granny, don't do that!" "Well, you, my dear, if you won't let me kiss you, come in and see what a pretty thing the good Lord has sent your old woman. Here it could be so pretty as me could tell without seeing the mother!"

One of the most primeval customs in the character of this good woman was her abhorrence of "silly things." As she would, however, do it. She was greatly worried by the way a young man seemed to be treating a girl in whom she felt a motherly interest. Apprehensions seemed to indicate that a "young man of a pretty" had picked the rose, but left the thorn with her heart broken young friend or in his train had found her

upon a promise of marriage.

One day, it seems, the young man met her in the road, and he said, "Granny Saunders, if you do n't quit talking about me as I hear of you doing, I shall have to sue you for slander."

The old lady cleared her decks for action, called up her slaves and shook her fist under his nose: "I am ready for you here, at the court house, or anywhere else outside the bottomless pit. There is where pup-like you are bound to go, so I will not promise to have anything to do with you there. I cannot blame a Heaver Dam evening wolf for coming over here and stealing a lamb for it is built that way and can't know any better, but when I see a customer like you, with good looks, good natural sense and belonging to a decent family, guilty of things the Old Boy himself would be doing, I must tell you, I do say I must tell you, the dirtiest, yellow, egg-sucking dog of all in Pocahontas an angel to what you are. If the Old Boy knows you as I do, and thinks of you as I do, he will put you on one of his hottest griddles all by yourself as not fit company for any other lost soul."

Granny's words seemed to have been "winded ones." The suit was never brought for slander, he mended his ways, looked through his Bible and found a verse in Paul's writings that convinced him that the easiest way out of the tangle would be to marry as he had promised.

If there could have been kept a faithful record of all her doings and sayings it would have made a book by itself, nothing like it in extant literature. She had an entertaining story of the time the troops were on the march to Yorktown and about Washington stopping at the yard fence and calling for water. Her mother sent her out with bucket and pail, fresh from the well, and watered the thirsty General and his staff attendants.

"They took their water and I tell you they all drank a few, and then the grand old lady with high heels and stiff upper lips, looking at me as if they thought that it was about all that I was fit for was to handle the water-gourd for their pleasure."

She had many stories that thrilled the little folks. One was about about a child being born in 1775 that only lived a few minutes. Before it died it said just as playfully as could be spoken by a grown person:

"A warm winter and a cold spring. A bloody summer and a new king. One of our most popular ballads has had this refrain:

"Sleep all day and cry all night, Whippoorwill, whippoorwill."

Persons yet living remember the reply she once made to the salutation, "Well, Granny, how are you today?"

"Poorly enough, to tell you the truth. O dear me, I am just here and that is all. I have pains in my head, pains in my face, pains in my ears, at the back of my neck, between my shoulders, in my arms in my breast, in my body, in my knees, in my ankles, in both of my big toes. Thus proving a constant, as if trying to think of some phrase for praise, she would raise her eyes toward heaven and devoutly exclaim: "Praise the Lord, bless His Holy Name, I have good appetite."

Late in the afternoon early in the picture she used to make her home with Isaac and Anna, on New River, where she died often by accident, years ago, aged about a hundred and three years as most of her contemporaries believed. Dear old friend the Creator has not sent today like her to our part of the world as yet.

W. V. N.

When one is listening to the unobtrusive words of the old lady that seemed so graciously while the whole was going on with such a calm and collected air, one could not help but feel that she had been a part of the kind of brave the present world and in that that she

The Washington Post says that John T. McGraw was at all probability Daniel Taylor, in the old sketch.

